

51
E 42

5

THE FUNCTIONS OF A CITY.

AN

ORATION

BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1868.

BY SAMUEL ELIOT, LL.D.



BOSTON :

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.

1868.

THE FUNCTIONS OF A CITY.

AN

ORATION

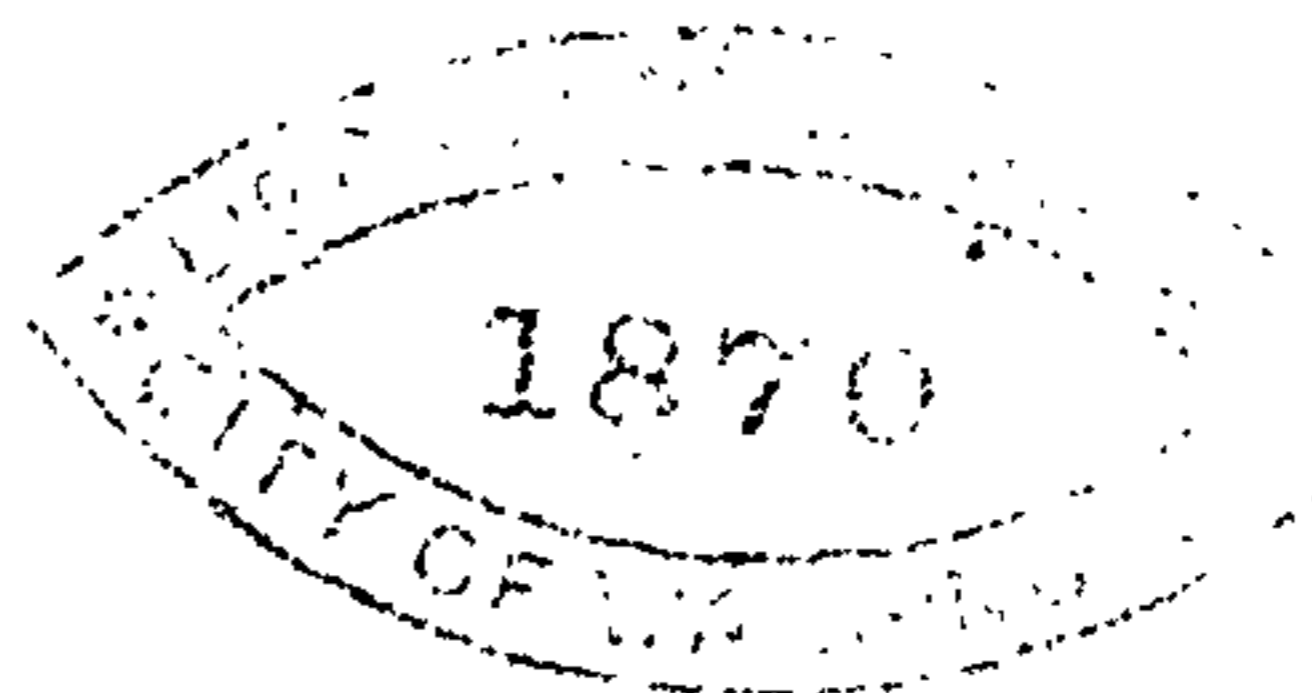
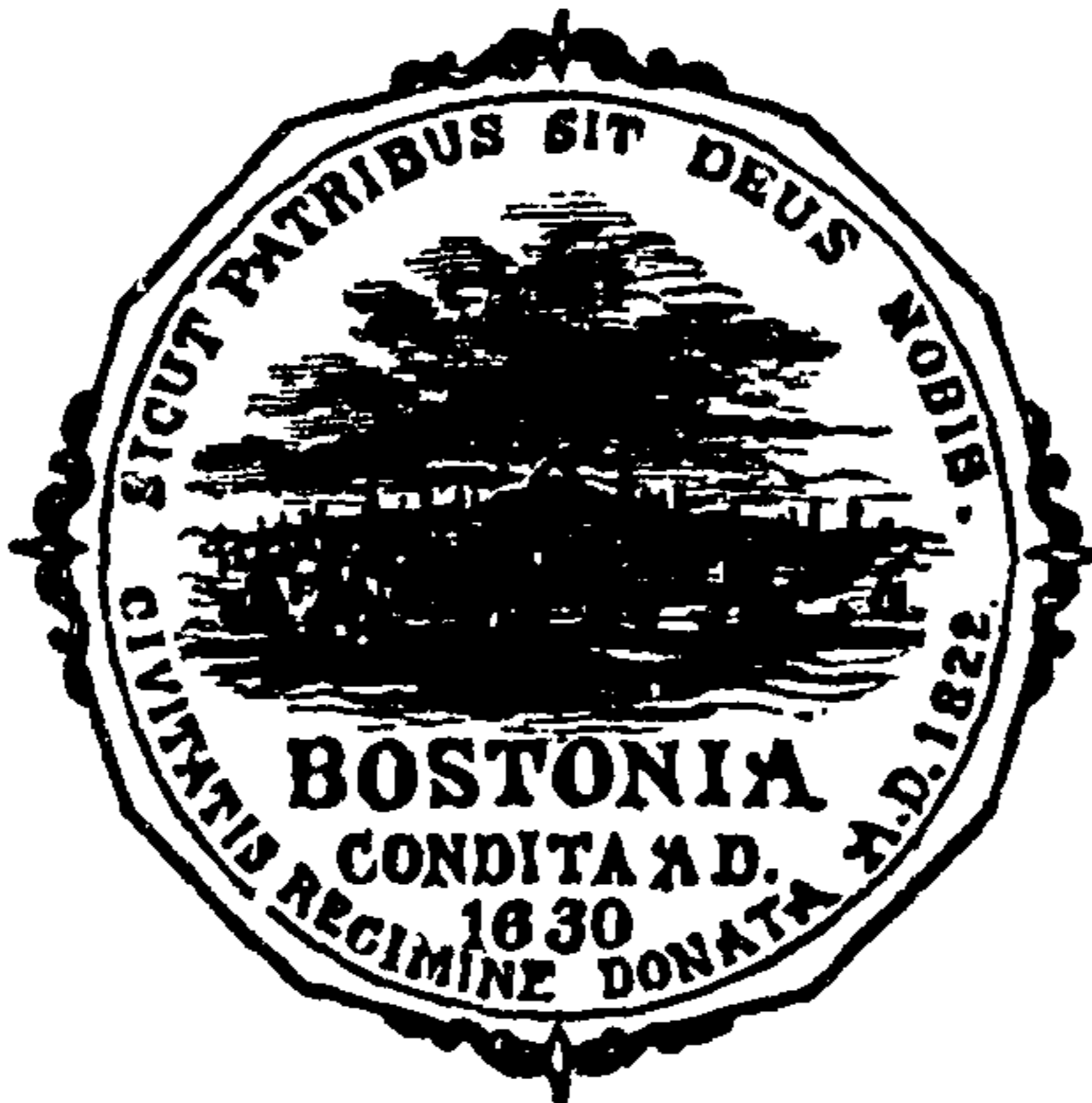
BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1868.

BY SAMUEL ELIOT, LL.D.



BOSTON:

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, CITY PRINTERS, 34 SCHOOL STREET.

1868.

✓ G.S.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 6, 1868.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council are due, and they are hereby tendered, to Samuel Eliot, LL. D., for the exceedingly appropriate, interesting and eloquent Oration delivered before the Municipal Authorities of this City on the Fourth of July instant, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence.

G. W. MESSINGER, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 9, 1868.

Concurred.

CHAS. H. ALLEN, *President.*

Approved, July 10, 1868.

NATHL. B. SHURTLEFF, *Mayor.*

A true copy.

Attest:

S. F. McCLEARY, *City Clerk.*

O R A T I O N .

BOSTON, OLD AND NEW.

THE Boston that hailed the early birthdays of the nation has almost passed away. A few of its historic buildings keep their places, but with changed aspects and generally changed associations. Three or four of its churches remain, but in localities so altered as to alter them, and even to forebode their removal. Its mansions have completely vanished. Their stately fronts, their fair proportions of height and breadth, their wide halls, easy stairs, massive wainscots and graceful alcoves, the trees before them, the vines climbing their porches, the flowers blooming beneath their windows, the terraces and gardens surrounding them, linger only in remembrance. Remembrance itself but faintly recalls the streets like those of present villages, the open spaces then styled greens, the pastures where cattle browsed, the fields unoccupied except in the playtime of children, the shores that met the water with lips it did not shrink from kissing. The very

hills which gave the place its first name, instead of having proved everlasting, have sunk beneath the spade, their loftiness brought literally to the dust. Even the sea washing our peninsula, no more

“Unchangeable save to its wild waves’ play,”

finds its azure brow wrinkled with walls and marked by lines of building where fluttered, years ago, a garland of snowy sails.

Another Boston has arisen on the old foundations and the new. Once a single neighborhood, it is now a group of neighborhoods; once a society of personal acquaintances, now a population of indistinct connections, where men cannot inquire into one another’s affairs with the same success as of yore; a scene formerly of limited, latterly of expanded action, of customs shaped according to a broader rule, of enterprises laid out upon a larger scale, of relations more complex, systems more varied, standards more aspiring; no longer a town but a city, with all the present, all the future prospects of which a city is the centre. Imagine a citizen of the Revolution, or of the War of 1812, returning hither to find his birthplace buried beneath a warehouse, his church swallowed up in an abyss of traffic, an avenue where he skated, and a long vista of reef-stone façades where he bathed. Follow him on

the round of our institutions, especially those where foreign tongues prevail over the native, and pieces of the Old World appear to have fallen on the New. He might find cause to think Boston as unlike its former self as some of its statues to their originals. Then hear him warned, as we are, that the city is declining, and that unless its capitalists provide it with half a dozen new railroads to the interior, and its harbor commissioners give it a new channel to the sea, its doom is sealed. Ah, he might exclaim, it needs the opening of a vein or two to reduce its symptoms of plethora. Signs of decay they cannot be; these sights and sounds, these throngs, these labors, these excitements are not the hectic of decline. Would he not be right? Does not the handwriting upon our walls promise better things than the overthrow of the city, or the transfer of its prosperity to its neighbors?

Not content with her own expansion, Boston has lately taken unto herself her sister Roxbury. Not a marriage exactly, but a joining of hands, an endowing each other with their worldly goods (to say nothing of their debts), it has made of twain one city. Common memories, common associations and common interests prepared the connection; now that it is consummated, they foreshow its happiness. Brought to-day before the national altar, and blending in the national festival

for the first time, let the union of the sisters and of the sisters' sons be confirmed in these hours of patriotic commemoration.

AGE OF GREAT CITIES.

In becoming a city, Boston shares in a characteristic movement of the period. Our age has been called the Age of Great Cities, and there is as good reason for this name as for any other which it bears. For the cities of the time are not only greater, taken together, than those of former times, but more numerous, more widely spread, and above all, more active in the work which in all ages falls chiefly to them.

This work is civilization, a term that cannot be explained but by going back to its Latin root, where we find the citizen, and with him, the city. Men scatter, in order to discover; they concentrate, in order to civilize. When the city brings them together, mingling their numbers and their interests, it sets them across the dividing line between barbarism and civilization. It carries them farther and farther into the civilized region by augmenting their resources and enabling them to meet the multiplying demands of their new situation. Civilization is a costly process, especially in the modern era. To all the expenses it involved in the

days of old, to all the operations of government, all the luxuries of society, all the splendors of the arts and sciences, are added in our day the claims of public education, the exhaustless purposes of charity and faith. Every reform of this generation, every hope of soothing the afflicted or recovering the lost, every effort to make sunshine in a shady place, is expensive, often lavishly expensive, though not a dollar be wasted, but dollar upon dollar be saved in the end. No civilizing agency can do much without a fund to draw upon. Philosophy used to shake her head, insisting that nothing was surer to ruin a people than their becoming rich. But she confesses now-a-days that poverty is a greater drawback than wealth upon social advancement. What Burke said of public virtue is equally true of civilization, that "being of a nature magnificent and splendid, instituted for great things and conversant about great concerns, it requires abundant scope and room, and cannot spread and grow under confinement, and in circumstances straitened, narrow and sordid." It was the love, not the use of money which the Apostle pronounced the root of all evil; the use that implies no love for it in itself is the root of much good. If the history of civilized nations teaches any lesson, if travel among the uncivilized brings back any testimony, it is the necessity of wealth to civiliza-

tion. For this there must be concentration, for this the solitary must be set in families, families in communities, and communities in cities.

The Age of Great Cities therefore, signifies the Age of Great Civilization. It is a title which the cities may be proud to give, and the age to wear, a title not merely of grandeur or power, but of liberality and tenderness, including all sorts and conditions of humanity, its sufferings as well as its triumphs, and its "still, sad music" as well as its loudest hallelujahs.

FUNCTIONS OF A CITY.

If Boston is to be among the great cities of civilization, she must do more than annex her suburbs or fill in her water lots, more than build her blocks or rear her monuments, more, much more, than swell the volume of her taxes; for neither territory nor population, neither architecture nor any other art, not even that of the assessor, establishes the greatness of a city. To this, internal growth is indispensable, the powers increasing with the frame, the mind and the heart expanding with the body, the immaterial elements corresponding with the material. A city is no inorganic mass growing by simple accretion, but an organism of various and mysterious forces developing from within.

Its functions determine its rank, just as the classification of any living being is determined. They constitute its character, its history. If great, they render it great, and it ascends with as little effort as the dawn to a place among the cities of civilization.

FUNCTIONS NOT OF A CITY.

There are some, indeed, many things which a city cannot do. It has no direct share in the labors of which the country is the natural field. It cultivates no land, produces no food, not even the water which it needs. It has no mines to open, no fabrics, compared with those of the great manufacturing centres, to call its own. It does not act upon nature, except to obliterate it, or upon most of the products of nature until they have been worked up elsewhere. For what it receives from abroad, it offers in return the values produced by its citizens as artisans, merchants, or members of the different professions, using these words in their broadest sense. Neither does nature act upon the city, or upon the people within its borders, for here they are beyond her reach, beyond her skyey or earthy influence, save in their public gardens, and even there, the builders are apt to crowd upon the gardeners.

Furthermore, there are many things which, though they may be done in a city, may not be done by a city, but by its citizens. Municipal energy has one sphere, individual energy another, and much the wider, embracing affairs of every kind and powers of every degree. So far from substituting the city for its citizens in their undertakings, they should be substituted for it in any of its undertakings which they can safely assume. The newspapers of a few days or weeks ago published a letter from one of the best friends our country has in Europe, saying how much he was impressed by the difference between the town or commune in France which manages its citizens, and the town in the United States which its citizens manage. It is the difference between centralization and self-government, between the system which makes a man a puppet, and that which makes him a free agent, between that which fits him more and more for subjection, and that which fits him more and more for liberty. Paris has been called the Bostonian's paradise, but never the Bostonian's city. Nor would he ever choose it as the scene of his civil existence; for this, he wants opportunities of action which the French capital, with all its magnificence, cannot supply.

POLITICAL FUNCTIONS.

The functions of a city are, in the first place, political. The earliest city, whether that named Enoch or another, was the earliest political lever to move the world. Throughout the ancient generations, the weapons with which they plucked bright honor were their cities, within whose walls their power centred, and in whose names their fame extended over the earth. As the chief means of defence to their inhabitants, they gradually became the means of such freedom as was then possible, sometimes the mere negation of despotism, sometimes the positive assertion of nascent liberties. All that was freest in the politics of antiquity, all that gave them general animation, sprang directly or indirectly from the city. The times were so unripe for any broader principle, for anything like modern nationality, that every attempt at such appears to have failed the moment it was made. Only a local organization like a municipality could establish itself in a period when democracy was fierce and absolutism yet fiercer, when fire and the sword were the portion of states, and the clouds under which men contended seldom turned forth a silver lining. It was an imperfect liberty,

not merely in being municipal, without any national admixture, but also in being the monopoly of a ruling class, or in other words, the liberty of the ruler. Its hour soon came, and it fell, but not in lifeless ruin. Out of its crumbled foundations, later ages derived much of the material for their own institutions, and when the time arrived for the city to be restored, the free towns of the Continent and the boroughs of England appeared, not like their forerunners, in the grasp of a dominant order, but open to the middle or burgher classes, plebeian rather than patrician, the cradles of the Commons. English history has no more stirring narrative than that which tells how, when the crown was on an imbecile head, and most of the higher offices were in strangers' hands, when the Charter was habitually violated, and the rights of the nation were incessantly invaded, until the public distresses culminated in civil war, then, close upon the first victory of the national party, their leader, Simon de Montfort, summoned the boroughs to send their representatives to the Parliament of 1265. There municipal freedom and national at last met together, and there, as they clasped hands, began that movement which, more than any other earthly influence, has controlled the

modern states, and given to some of them the possession, to all of them the hope of liberty.

Of the many subsequent blows struck for freedom by the Commonalty of England, none was more effective than their colonization of these American shores. Here, where every good seed from the Old World was destined to spring up and bear a hundred-fold, the city, or as it used to be termed, the town, grew into larger life. No longer the heritage of a single class, upper or lower, it became that of the whole community, around whose private and public resorts it spread in overhanging clusters of freedom. It was at once a refuge and an inspiration to our ancestors. It confirmed their habits of law and order; it strengthened them in their colonial as well as their municipal relations, and prepared them for the day when the tempest lowered from beyond the sea. The town here was always free, enacting its own ordinances, choosing its own magistrates, and administering its own affairs. It felt the heavy hand of the mother country, not as the town, but as a part of the colony, on which alone the immediate oppressions of crown or parliament descended. The foreigner who has best divined our institutions, Alexis de Tocqueville, said, years ago, that the sovereignty

of the people in the town was "not only an ancient, but a primitive state" in America.

So, when the tempest came, and the air was thick with revolution, the towns of the threatened colonies stood firm. Boston unhesitatingly placed herself at their head. Her Town House,—let us be thankful that its shell, if nothing more, is spared,—was "the first scene," as John Adams declared, "of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain," when James Otis, "a flame of fire," blazed out in burning argument against Writs of Assistance, and "breathed into the nation the breath of life." "Then and there," exclaimed Adams, "the child Independence was born." It was to Boston that British troops were first despatched, a century ago this very year, to crush the infant Liberty. It was here, below the same building in which the birth occurred, that the first baptismal blood was shed in the massacre of March. It was here, in the waters of the Bay, that the tea which symbolized parliamentary taxation was poured out on a December night in one deep draught for freedom. It was here that the Port Bill, following Xerxes' example, would have scourged the very waves for sharing in the rebellion of the people. And here, at the breaking of the day, the morning stars of Lexington and, nearer yet, of Bunker Hill, shone in the horizon, until the sunrise fell on Dor

chester Heights, where he whom the nation gave to deliver the town, achieved his first great victory. All through these years of trial, all through the years that came after, Boston never faltered :

“ Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye !
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.”

As Boston followed then, so she did again in the yet more terrible storm, when the telegraph brought from Washington a demand for fifteen hundred men ; when the first to respond, three Marblehead companies, marched from the railway to Faneuil Hall in rain and sleet which the welcome-shouting crowds seemed to mistake for sunshine ; when Boston troops were arming, Boston men giving, Boston women working, Boston children sympathizing ; when the flag streamed from every staff and above almost every door, its sacred hues crowning the city with a halo of undying patriotism ; when our heroic Governor had no need to speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward, for forward, of their own accord, they plunged into the red sea of war, so that he could write back to Washington on the self-same day of the call for aid, “ I find the amplest proof of a warm devotion to the country’s cause on every hand to-day,” words that might serve

for a national watchword as long as the nation lasts; then Boston, in common with Massachusetts, gave full proof of her fidelity, not only to her own liberty, but to the liberty of the Union.

The political functions of a city are never confined to its own limits. It belongs to the nation, and if true to its duties, nay if true to its instincts, it must minister to the national well-being. Montaigne said he was a Frenchman only by virtue of Paris. We are not Americans only by virtue of Boston, and yet the better Bostonians we are, the better Americans we shall be. Charles River does not more surely tend to Massachusetts Bay, or the Bay to the ocean, than the city built by these waters tends to the nation. If, like the child who held the shell to his ear, we have ever listened to the city and its voices, we have heard

“Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea,”

that sea, the Indivisible Republic. Our local institutions have often been charged with weakening the central government. But wherever they have not been tampered with, they have written out a record over which they and the Union may well rejoice together.

EDUCATIONAL FUNCTIONS.

The educational functions of a city are at once a cause and an effect of the political. A cause, since education is necessary to liberty; and an effect, since liberty is necessary to education or to general education. Free communities, above all others, need free schools, where the young can be prepared for the liberties into which they are to enter. On the other hand, free schools need free communities from which they will receive the requisite support almost without the asking. Elsewhere they have an artificial, here a natural life, in keeping with the life around it, set in a kindly soil, fed by the air and moisture of congenial skies. From schools abroad, ours may borrow a theory here, a practice there; from some, thoroughness; from others, refinement; from all, whatever superior traits may distinguish them. But from none, from no educational institutions in the world, have ours anything to borrow with regard to the public spirit which maintains them. In this, ours easily take the lead. Such a connection as exists between them and the homes around them, such a harmony in the purposes of the teacher, the child and the parent, such a unity of educational and social

interests, is unknown under exclusive institutions. The free country and the free school are like mother and daughter to each other.

Born of the common will and nurtured by the common affection, our schools remain a part of the community rather than of the Government. To them, as to any other constituency, the city lends a helping hand, founding them where they are needed, and administering them as their circumstances require. One asks for organization; another already organized, for a new building, or, if preferring bread to stone, for a new course of instruction; whatever their demands, reasonable and at times unreasonable, they are almost sure to be gratified. Two centuries and a half of such care, honorable alike to the city that has given and to the schools that have received it, are nearly past, and it is as unwearied as ever.

This relation between the city and its schools renders their improvement practicable at any time. To reform is not to upheave, but to establish them, provided only that the reformation is wisely executed. Perhaps the great principles of education are not so mutable as they are sometimes regarded; easily shaken, they do not appear to be easily overthrown or even displaced. But with respect to many of their applications, an opinion is generally forming, if not formed, that these should

be changed. Teacher and pupil alike desire it; vigor of body or of mind, in both, depends upon it; the culture of the school and of the community is to be determined by it; why should it be delayed? Educational reform is not like a certain mountain that refuses to be pierced, despite the profusions of legislatures and the profits of contractors. It is a comparatively gentle slope which our chariot wheels may surmount without much difficulty, if they do not tarry too long. "While you are considering," said Dr. Johnson, "which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learned them both." We may yet be deliberating what improvement to begin with, when others have already effected it, and many another after it. Each obstacle, if not removed, increases; each evil that might be checked, but is not, becomes more and more portentous. The longer our faces are set in a wrong direction, the longer it will take to turn them in the right one. At the coronation of George III., the Lord Steward had trained his horse to back down the hall after the presentation of a cup to the king, but the steed backed up the hall, and brought the steward with his back to his sovereign. It is a pity to train our children to walk backwards, a pity to teach them anything which they will have to unlearn hereafter.

It seems as if the system which has done so much might do yet more. It lies somewhat too motionless upon the waters; the mast creaks, the sails flap, and the helm appears to be in an uncertain grasp. Bell after bell strikes, and the watch is called. Let it be the beginning of a new effort to set the ship upon her course, and to carry her, with her precious freight of children, to shores as yet unknown in education.

For the majority of our children, their mere presence, persuasive in freshness and promise, the anxieties of parents, the sympathies of friends, are powerful means to bring about all desirable reforms. But for others whose aspect has no charm, whose prospects excite no enthusiasm, whose parents and friends are often their worst enemies, for these, children of the streets rather than of the schools, many a voice must be uplifted, before they are cared for as they should be. Boston never did a better deed than in providing instruction for her newsboys and others like them. She has but to follow up that step, and either to open new, or adapt existing schools to all her children, in order that they may be snatched from the dangers which waylay them. Should any, thus enabled to choose the good, prefer the evil, still let them be treated as childish, not as hardened offenders. You knock truancy on the head by sending the truant to the reformatory; but

you also run the risk of stunning his better nature forever. No reformatory, however faithfully administered, can put off the likeness of a prison or put on the likeness of a home; yet nothing but a home can enable this spirit, parched by years of desolation, to bear blossoms of childhood. The more of a vagrant he is, the more he needs domestic dews. Offspring of misery or sin, brought by the stream to the foot of our Palatine, the wolf will be his only nurse until the shepherd carries him to the woman's arms. Instead of being shut up with those who have perhaps fallen lower than he has done, he should find the discipline he needs in mingling with others unlike himself and learning the sweet lessons of love.

The principle of attraction, as wonderworking in education as in any other cause, has yet to expand in our schools. Make them more winning, and this makes them more commanding. Give them gentleness and this gives them strength. Whatever increases their power of attracting, increases also their power of teaching and governing their pupils. "I may be drawn by a thread," said a Rhode Island representative in a long-forgotten Congressional skirmish, "but I never can be driven by the club of Hercules." The less of the club and the more of the thread in the management of our schools, the deeper they will be set in the affec-

tions of their children; the deeper, too, in the affections of all who hold their children dear. Were there no other reason than the beauty introduced by it, the musical instruction now forming a part of our system would deserve to be cherished. But it has other recommendations, as a means of discipline, as a development of human faculties, and as an illustration of Divine harmonies. A city ought to be the home of all the arts. They owed their first great triumphs to the cities of antiquity, their next to the mediæval cities; why should they not owe their latest to the cities of the modern age? And where, if they are taught among us, can the first lessons in some of them be more fittingly given than in our schools? Great artists would not be multiplied; but troops of contented pupils would be. They could not but be thankful for anything to tone down the sharp outlines of their training, to soften the perspective of their studies, and throw a tender glow about the far-off summits. Their intellectual atmosphere would be both lovelier and healthier with a little haze.

Boston has a model of her own to guide her upward steps in education. An institution founded but the other day, yet rising as if its foundations had been laid with the city's, has placed itself at the head of

our educational institutions, and lifted them at once to a higher level.

“No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.”

But not, as the poet's next line begins, “Majestic silence.” Rather, majestic speech, the speech of ages before the Temple, of times remoter and nearer, of the very time in which we live. “I have sat before that picture,” said a monk pointing to a Last Supper in his convent, “year after year, and when I see the changes among us and the unchanged figures there, I think that we, not they, must be the shadows.” So in comparison with the speech of books, the tongue of man, however loud, seems silence. They speak with the authority of the past, he with the uncertainty of the present; they speak of things abiding, he of things passing away. Would the city fulfil her office as an educator, would she ascend, and lead her children with her, to a higher culture than has yet been reached, she has but to turn to her Public Library. It stands fresh from the hands of the benefactors who have endowed it and the still greater benefactors who have administered it, yet already the centre of our educational system, the source of light and heat to every school and every scholar

around it, with no cloud between them and its inspiration.

CHARITABLE FUNCTIONS.

The charitable functions of a city partly mingle with and partly transcend its educational. It ministers in teaching, it ministers also in relieving its dependent classes. Many of the ancient cities were represented on their coins as women with crowns and flowing robes, and many a modern city wears a crown of mercy upon her head, a robe of charity about her form, while at her feet, in place of the captive or the victim, a sufferer waits for bread, if he is hungry; for care, if sick; for shelter, if an outcast. Fairest among the features of the present civilization is its sympathy. Instead of exposing the foundling, it opens an asylum; instead of trampling down the weak in body or mind, it gathers them in hospitals; instead of hurrying the convict to hopeless imprisonment or yet more hopeless death, it watches over his reformation; instead of letting want and despair run their course, it seeks to close their sources and prevent them from overtaking their prey. In all these labors, the city, as the handmaid of civilization, bears her part. Much as she leaves to her citizens, there remains much which no power but hers can accomplish. Sufferers from fault or sufferers from

misfortune, the suffering classes require a hand to control as well as to succor them. Not the charity alone, but the authority of the city is wanted in dealing with the sinned against and the sinning, the man without manhood, the woman without womanhood, the child without childhood, the long, long files of degradation that straggle through the streets, starting at every sound, fleeing from every shadow, panting for rest though they ask it not, thirsting for compassion though they accept it not, a multitude of which, however shameful, no city doing her best to save them, need be ashamed. Persevere, long-seeking, long-baffled mother, relieve thy children, relieve the stranger within thy gate, and the ear that hears thee shall bless thee, the eye that sees thee shall bear witness to thee in thy work of charity.

RELIGIOUS FUNCTIONS.

The religious functions of a city, above all others, are necessary to its completeness. With no establishment, no observances, no doctrines of its own to maintain as a system, it has a spirit to keep up, a determination to be just to man, a desire to be faithful to God, which is, in the truest sense, a religious spirit. Without it, the existence of a city is a disgrace, and its

magnitude a calamity. The poet, struck by the corruptions of London, a century ago, asserts,

“ God made the country and man made the town.”

He was as wide of the mark as if he had said that God made the country, and man the garden. Men lay out their streets and put up their buildings; they cannot create the site or the material, much less themselves the builders, in whom, rather than in earth or stone, the town consists. If our city means anything by the motto she borrows from King Solomon, it is that the Divine Hand led the fathers and still directs the sons. She confesses, therefore, that she is not her own, but His who has fashioned her from the beginning until now. Plutarch speaks of Sparta as seeming “not to be a policy or commonweal, but rather a certain holy place, and order of religion.” What Sparta seemed, let Boston be. As Eve appeared to him for whom she was created, so let this city of ours appear to those for whom she has been created,

“ heaven in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love.”

Faith in the unseen can alone fill out the seen. The religious functions of a city can alone perfect its other functions; political, educational or charitable, their

highest motive, their noblest performance centres in religion, and that religion, Christianity.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

All human institutions derive their strength from a source beyond themselves. Liberty itself avails only so far as it is nourished by truth.

“He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.”

That is the free state which the truth brings into the world, and guides in infancy and maturity. Like the thrice repeated action which the great master of ancient eloquence declared essential to his art, truth first, truth last, truth always, not thrice but perpetually repeated, is the essence of liberty. It is the soul of the body politic, the life of the city and the nation.

Just at this moment, it seems to be in peril among us. Warlike struggles over, warlike virtues no more in demand, something too much like reaction is setting in. Our statesmanship wavers; our general and local administrations drift shoreward; corruption surges on this side, wickedness on that, and the currents drive in upon the breakers. Party usurps the place of country; irresponsible bodies, like the caucus and the ring, substitute themselves for constituted authorities; combinations treated as overpowering, but which one hour of general

uprising would rend asunder, crowd hard upon individual independence. Was it for this we gave our treasure, our labor, our blood, for this that our dear heroes died? Are those years of sacrifice already forgotten, that these years of conspiracy and spoil are come so soon? It is no hour for flattery. It is no day for idle exultation. One word, one thought of truth, one declaration in her behalf keeps this anniversary of another declaration better than a thousand careless huzzas.

Neither our war, nor its greatest victory, the act of emancipation, neither reconstruction nor suffrage, neither old institutions nor new, can bear fruit in a half-hearted freedom. (No longer partial, but total, independence is to spread like light throughout the nation. Emerging from its old eclipse, the slave restored to freedom, and the freeman to consistent principle, it is to suffer no new eclipse. / The republic is to be a reality at last. It is to prove worthy of the toils endured for it, the wounds and deaths encountered, the tears fallen and still falling, the shadows never to be chased away in this world. The least that can be done by those who have not suffered, is to abstain from marring the work of those who have suffered. They ought to do more, infinitely more, and suffer, if need be, in their turn, that not a single pang may have been felt, not a single loss sustained in vain.

Would that the lines from yonder City Hall to the church towers which call out our defences against conflagration, were paralleled by lines to sound a yet louder alarm against the fires that smoulder beneath our institutions. Peal upon peal, in the full stir of day or the silent watches of night, would ring out an irresistible summons. Call us, call the city, call the nation, to manliness, honor, devotion to pure ends by pure means, call us to the victories of peace, yet more renowned than those of war, and where her white plume leads, there let us follow, to achieve the truth, the stainless and deathless truth of American Liberty.